

*No. 4.*

T W E L V E  
F A V O U R I T E S O N G S,

WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC,  
DONE INTO ENGLISH BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF  
THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.



---

BERLIN,  
SOLD BY H. FRÖLICH; AND BY MESSIEURS BAUMGÄRTNERS, LEIPSIC.  
1 8 0 0.

TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES, THE FOLLOWING  
ATTEMPT TO TRANSPLANT THE MUSIC AND POE-  
TRY OF HER NATIVE COUNTRY INTO HIS OWN, IS  
INSCRIBED WITH GREAT RESPECT, BY HER ROY-  
AL HIGHNESS'S MOST OBEDIENT AND VERY HUM-  
BLE SERVANT,

THE TRANSLATOR.



# HYMN TO JOY.

A MASONIC SONG.

*Anonymous.*

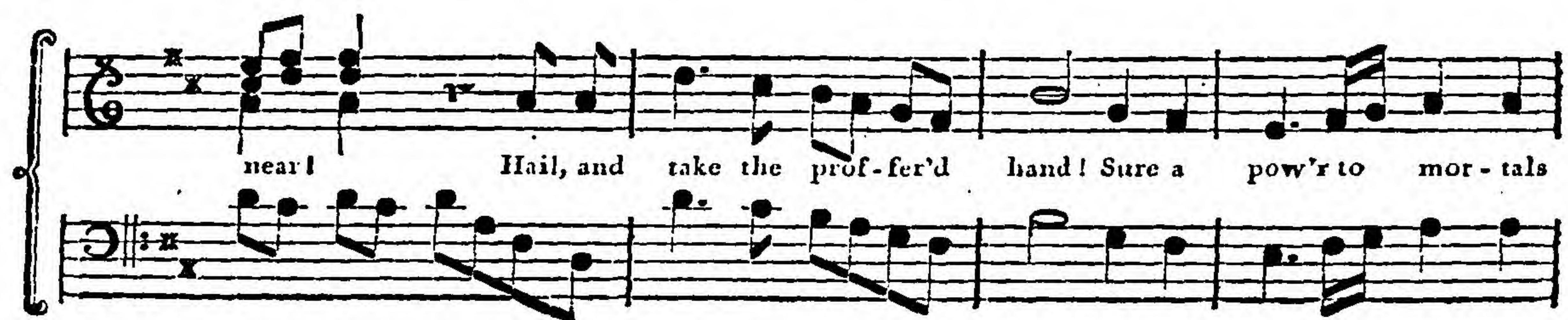
Joy, from source ce - les - tial spring - ing, in - mate of E - li - sian

bow'r; touch'd by thee, with rapture glow - ing we in - voke thy heav'n - ly

pow'r. Ty - rant cus - tom's harsh dis - tinc - tions, sink be - fore thy just a - ward:

Beg - gars smile the peers of prin - ces, where thy ma - gic voice is heard.





## I.

JOY, from source celestial spring,  
 Inmate of Elisian bow'r;  
 Touch'd by thee, with rapture glowing,  
 We invoke thy heav'nly pow'r.  
 Tyrant custom's harsh distinctions  
 Sink before thy just award: —  
 Beggars smile the peers of princes,  
 Where thy magic voice is heard.

## CHORUS.

Fellow myriads, far and near!  
 Hail, and take the proffer'd hand!  
 Sure a pow'r to mortals bland,  
 Dwells above yon starry sphere!



## II.

He whom happier fortune favours,  
 He who boasts a friend that's true; —  
 He whom love's soft transport kindles; —  
 Let him join the gladsome crew.  
 But the wretch whose wayward fortunes,  
 Love and friendship's boons restrain;  
 Let him quit the joyous banquet; —  
 Weeping quit the genial train!

## CHOR.

Sacred pow'r of sympathy!  
 All creation owns thy sway:  
 To the brighter realms of day  
 Thou shalt lift thy votary!

## III.

All that breathes through varied nature  
 Sips the nectar'd cup of joy:  
 Good and bad, with equal ardour,  
 Fondly crowd her roseate way.  
 Love, and wine, and friendship's treasure,  
 Joy with lavish hand bestows:  
 Joy the abject reptile gladdens, —  
 While on high the seraph glows!

## CHOR.

Mortals, own the deity;  
 Own the pow'r of nature's lord.  
 Let the rapt'rous loud accord  
 Reach the blissful seats on high!

## IV.

Joy, unceasing source of motion,  
 Animates the varied scene;  
 Potent spring of wide creation,  
 Joy impels the vast machine.  
 Buds to flow'rs, her influence ripens,  
 Suns, she draws from realms of day;  
 Rolls the spheres through boundless æther,  
 Far beyond the tube's survey.

## CHOR.

Joyous as the rolling sphere  
 Wanders through ætherial space,  
 Let us speed our mortal race;  
 Gayly speed our short career!

## V.

Smiling sweet in truth's bright mirror,  
 Joy the searcher's toil requites;  
 Joy, the prize of mild endurance,  
 Leads to virtue's steepy heights.  
 See, on faith's refulgent mountain,  
 High aloft her banners wave.  
 Joy pervades the choir of angels; —  
 Joy shall reach the darksome grave.

## CHOR.

Learn the ills of life to bear,  
 Check the tear, and still the sigh;  
 Heav'n rewards the victory,  
 High above yon spangled sphere.



## VI.

Nought requites indulgent heaven: —  
 Let us emulate its care.  
 Sons of poverty and sorrow,  
 Haste and find a welcome here.  
 Fell revenge and bitter rancour  
 Shun the social gay retreat:  
 Here, be ev'ry foe forgiven; —  
 Pardon ev'ry wrong await!

## CHOR.

Jars and broils, no more be heard!  
 Peace her olive-wand displays.  
 He, whose eye the globe surveys,  
 Soon shall judge as we award!

## VII.

Sparkling high in flowing glasses,  
 Flights sublime shall joy inspire: —  
 Cannibals inhale soft mercy;  
 Wild despair, — heroic fire.  
 Now the foaming goblet circles,  
 Gayly quaff the gen'rous wine.  
 Wine the gift of bounteous nature!  
 Praise the pow'r that gave the vine!

## CHOR.

He whose praise the tuneful spheres  
 Chant in ceaseless harmony;  
 He who dwells above the sky,  
 Gave the vine to soothe our cares!

## VIII.

Calmly bear the frowns of fortune;  
 Soothe the heart oppress'd with woe:  
 Sacred keep the plighted promise;  
 True alike to friend and foe.  
 Manly pride display to princes;  
 Give to modest worth its due;  
 Cherish truth and all its vot'ries;  
 Deprecate the perjur'd crew.

## CHOR.

Closer knit our holy bands;  
 Low at truth's bright altar bow.  
 Swear to keep the plighted vow;  
 Swear by him who all commands!

## IX.

Wide may sacred freedom triumph! —  
 E'en may pity vice await; —  
 Hope attend life's latest glimmer; —  
 Mercy ward the felon's fate.  
 Lo, the shrowded dead shall quicken!  
 Mortals, list, and heav'n adore.  
 Ev'ry crime shall be forgiven;  
 Death and hell shall be no more!

## CHOR.

Peace at life's departing scene;  
 Soft repose beneath the tomb: —  
 Looks benign and gracious doom,  
 From the awful judge of men!



## S O N G.

*Adagio e con espressione.**Sterkel.*

Whene'er at day - light's part - ing gleam,

A smi - ling form sa - lutes my love, and loi - ters

near the murm'ring stream, and glides be - neath the



con - scious grove: and glides be - neath the con - scious

grove; ah, then thy Da - mon's spi - rit see: —

soft joy and peace it brings to thee. ah, then thy Da - mon's

B

The musical score is written for three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef, key of B-flat, 6/8 time) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs, same key and time). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign. The letter 'B' is printed below the piano part of the third system.



spi - rit see! — soft joy and peace it brings to thee.

I.  
 Whene'er at daylight's parting gleam,  
 A smiling form salutes my love,  
 And loiters near the murm'ring stream,  
 And glides beneath the conscious grove;  
 Ah! then thy Damon's see: — *spirit*  
 Soft joy and peace it brings to thee.

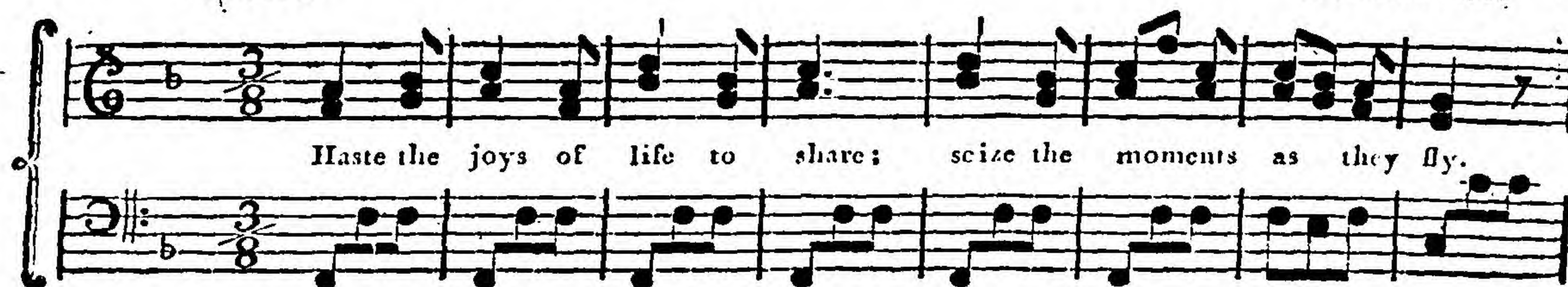
II.  
 And when at moonlight's sober ray  
 Thou dream'st perchance of love and me,  
 As through the pines the breezes play,  
 And whisper dying melody, —  
 When tender feelings prompt the sigh: —  
 Thy Damon's spirit hovers nigh.

III.  
 When o'er thy mind soft musings steal,  
 As thou the pleasing past hast scan'd;  
 Shouldst thou a gentle pressure feel,  
 Like Zephyr's kiss, o'er lip and hand; —  
 And should the glimm'ring taper fade: —  
 Then near thee bides thy lover's shade.

IV.  
 And when at midnight's solemn tide,  
 As soft the rolling planets shine;  
 Like Æol's harp, thy couch beside,  
 Thou hear'st the word, "forever thine!"  
 Then slumber sweet, my spirit's there,  
 And peace and joy it brings my fair!



## DITHYRAMBUS.

*Vivace.**Reichardt.*

## I.

Haste the joys of life to share;  
 Seize the moments as they fly.  
 Soon shall close the scene so fair: —  
 Soon we droop, and fade, and die!

## III.

Wine, the balm kind nature pours,  
 Rosy health and bloom supplies.  
 Crown the bowl with fairest flow'rs;  
 Drink — and glee at bottom lies.

## II.

Laugh at physic's pert grimace;  
 Shun the water-drinking train: —  
 Wine that soothes the soul's disease,  
 Soothes alike the body's pain.

## IV.

Now his rites let Bacchus claim,  
 Let his fragrant altars burn: —  
 Soon shall Love the breast inflame.  
 Love shall triumph in his turn!



## FANNY'S WORTH.

*Amoroso.**Pleyel.*

Could Fan - ny's charms be bar - ter'd, for gold and je - wels

rare, and had I count - less trea - sures, I'd give them all for

her. Let him whom wealth en - amours, still wear its sor - did

chain; a - las, with - out dear Fan - ny, to me all





## I.

COULD Fanny's charms be barter'd,  
 For gold and jewels rare; —  
 And had I countless treasures,  
 I'd give them all for her!  
 Let him whom wealth enamours,  
 Still wear its sordid chain;  
 Alas, without dear Fanny,  
 To me all wealth were vain!

## II.

If Europe's ample regions  
 My potent sway should own;  
 And could I Fanny purchase,  
 I'd gladly yield my crown.  
 For city, throne, and palace,  
 And wide-extended mead,  
 I'd take my blooming Fanny,  
 Were all I own'd a shed.

## III.

Tho' fate alone determines,  
 How long we loiter here;  
 Yet could I wing the minutes,  
 And speed their swift career;  
 Whole years, I swear, should vanish,  
 For hours, were she my own; —  
 For hours, and dearest Fanny,  
 But mine, and mine alone!



## SONG.

*Allegro.**Mozart.*

Love, from those bright eyes im - part - ing, soft de - sire and am'rous

care, through my breast his ar - rows dar - ting, lives and

reigns a ty - rant there. On thy cheek with blush-es glow-ing, when I



print the ea - ger kifs, heart and soul with

joy o'er - flo - wing, scarce can bear the thril - ling blifs, the thril - ling

blifs, the thril - ling blifs! Dear - est mai - den whilst I hold thee,



'gainst my pant - ing flutt'ring heart; — whilst my tremb - ling arms en -

fold thee, madd' - ning madd' - ning blifs thy

charms im - part. But too soon my ra - vish'd sen - ses, sink be -



neath oppressive joy, sink be - neath op - pres - sive joy. Life and

death thy smile dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses; blifs and

pain a - like de - stroy. dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses;



blifs and pain a - like de - stroy. blifs and pain a - like de-

stroy. blifs and pain a - like de - stroy. a - like de - stroy. a-

like de - stroy.

LOVE, from those bright eyes imparting  
 Soft desire and anxious care;  
 Through my breast his arrows darting,  
 Lives and reigns a tyrant there.  
 On thy cheek with blushes glowing,  
 When I print the eager kifs;  
 Heart and soul with joy o'erflowing,  
 Scarce can bear the thrilling bliss!  
 Dearest maiden! whilst I hold thee,  
 'Gainst my panting fluttering heart;—  
 Whilst my trembling arms unfold thee,  
 Madd'ning bliss thy charms impart!  
 But too soon my ravish'd senses,  
 Sink beneath oppressive joy;  
 Life and death thy smile dispenses!  
 Blifs and pain alike destroy!



## S O N G.

*Andante.**Reichardt.*

Ah, how sweetly love steals the soul a - way. Envied joys we prove, 'neath its

gentle sway. Swift the moments haste; pleasure wings their way. Years so sweetly

## CHOR.

pass'd, seem but one short day. Ah, how sweetly love steals the soul a - way!

## I.

AH, how sweetly love  
Steals the soul away.  
Envied joys we prove,  
'Neath its gentle sway.  
Swift the moments haste;  
Pleasure wings their way.  
Years so sweetly pass'd,  
Seem but one short day.  
Ah, how sweetly love  
Steals the soul away!

## II.

Ah, how sweetly love  
Steals the soul away!  
Light our labours prove,  
While it gilds the day.  
Duty grows a charm;  
Smooth, life's rugged way.  
Love's kind beams can warm  
Winter's chilliest day.  
Ah, how sweetly love  
Steals the soul away!



## S O N G.

*Schultz.*

Sweetly blooms the op'n-ing rose, Spring's gay prime a - dorn-

ing; When un - pluckt and free it grows, bath'd with dew of

morn - ing. But the blush on Lau-ra's cheek, sweet-er

wonder rai - ses. Haunts of love her dimples sleek; Hap - py,





## I.

SWEETLY blooms the op'ning rose,  
 Spring's gay prime adorning,  
 When unpluckt and free it grows,  
 Bath'd with dew of morning.  
 But the blush on Laura's cheek,  
 Sweeter wonder raises;  
 Haunts of Love, her dimples sleek;  
 Happy he who gazes!

## II.

Softly Zephyr bends the spray,  
 Fragrance softly showers; —  
 Wafting all the sweets of May,  
 Stole from new-born flowers.  
 But her accents softer fall;  
 (Nameless grace endears them:)  
 Rudest hearts their sounds enthrall;  
 Happy he who hears them!



## VERNAL LOVE.

Schultz.

*Andante.*

The lark was up, so - rene the day, the mead in ver - nal

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is in the upper staff, and the lyrics are written below the notes.

beau - ty gay; the swel - ling buds the trees o'er-spread, the dai - sy rear'd its

This system contains the next two staves of music. The notation continues from the first system, with the melody in the upper staff and accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics continue below the notes.

mo - dest head. I rov'd the lake's green mar - gin round, where late the snow had

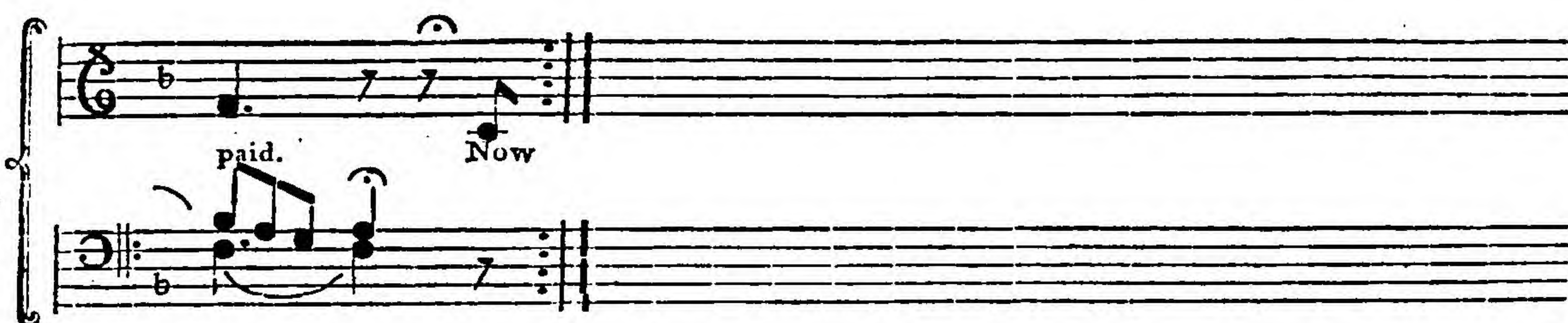
This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The melody continues in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

*Andantino.*

chill'd the ground, and many a now-born vi' - let found. On Fan - ny's

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The tempo changes to Andantino, indicated by the text above the system. The time signature changes to 6/8. The melody continues in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics continue below the notes.





## I.

THE lark was up, serene the day,  
The mead in vernal beauty gay;  
The swelling buds the trees o'er-spread,  
The daisy rear'd its modest head.  
I rov'd the lake's green margin round,  
Where late the snow had chill'd the ground, }  
And many a new-born violet found.

On Fanny's breast the flow'rs were laid:  
A smile my tender care repaid.

## II.

Now here, now there, a shrub was seen,  
That mark'd the grove with early green.  
The streamlet, murmur'ing down the glade,  
Renew'd the cresset's deepen'd shade.  
The mossy bank invites repose:  
We sat, and caught each melting close }  
Of hapless Philomela's woes.

A simple wreath, her brows to bind,  
Of varied moss my fair entwin'd.

## III.

Then careless, hand in hand, we stray'd,  
Till ev'ning cast a lengthen'd shade.  
Sweet odours fill'd the breezy air,  
As bloom'd the primrose fresh and fair.  
Deep blush'd the sky at daylight's close,  
The lake with streaming purple glows, }  
And bright the full-orb'd moon arose.

The falt'ring step, the heaving breast,  
My Fanny's silent joy confess'd.

## IV.

Her crimson'd cheek and loose attire,  
The soft alarms of love inspire.  
Again we sat, and, all reclin'd,  
Inhal'd the blossom-scented wind:  
Nor ought I spoke, nor ought she said;  
My trembling frame, my tears, betray'd }  
The empire of the peerless maid.

But, ah! what transports seiz'd my soul,  
The first dear kiss I softly stole!



## INVITATION TO JOY.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more melodic treble line. The vocal line is a single melody line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

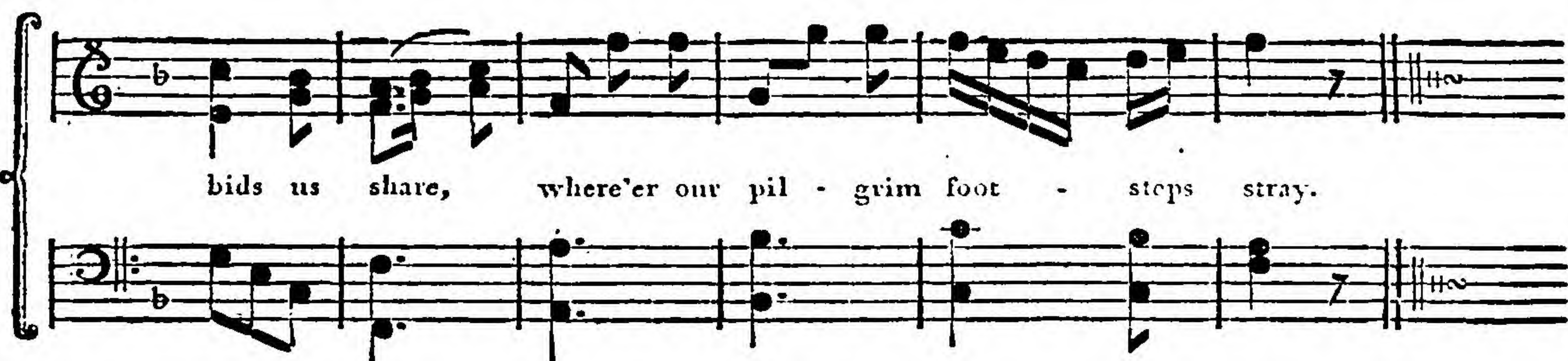
Say, who would mope in joy - less plight, while youth and spring be-

deck the scene, and scorn the prof - fer'd gay de - light, with thankless

heart and frown - ing mien? See joy with becks and smiles ap - pear,

while ro - ses strew the de - vious way; the feast of life she bids us





## I.

SAY, who would mope in joyless plight,  
 While youth and spring bedeck the scene;  
 And scorn the proffer'd gay delight,  
 With thankful heart and frowning mien?  
 See Joy with becks and smiles appear,  
 While roses strew the devious way;  
 The feast of life she bids us share,  
 Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

## II.

And still the grove is cool and green,  
 And clear the bubbling fountain flows;  
 Still shines the night's resplendent queen,  
 As erst in Paradise she rose:  
 The grapes their purple nectar pour,  
 To 'suage the heart that griefs oppress;  
 And still the lonely ev'ning-bow'r,  
 Invites and screens the stolen kiss.

## III.

Still Philomela's melting strain,  
 Responsive to the dying gale,  
 Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,  
 And sweetly charms the list'ning vale!  
 Creation's scene expanded lies; —  
 Blest scene! how wondrous bright and fair!  
 Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,  
 Let me the lavish'd bounties share!



## S O N G.

*Umlauf.*

To Stephen in a dream, a gray-hair'd spec-tre

cries; "For thee, a-down the stream, a hid-den trea-sure lies. Then

haste at mid-night's gloom, where 'loud the tor-rent flows; 'Tis there I nightly

roam: my ghost finds no re- pose. my ghost finds no re- pose."

*p* *sfz.* *p* *pp.* *sfz.* *p*

*sfz.* *p* *sf.*

*sf.* *p* *crescendo.* *f*

*sf.* *p* *sf.* *f*





## I.

TO Stephen in a dream,  
 A gray-hair'd spectre cries;  
 "For thee adown the stream,  
 "A hidden treasure lies.  
 "Then haste at midnight's gloom,  
 "Where 'loud the torrent flows;  
 "'Tis there I nightly roam:  
 "My ghost finds no repose."

## II.

His mate cries, "Haste, my dear,  
 "O haste adown the stream:  
 "The howling winds I hear;  
 "'Tis sure no idle dream."  
 He hies the wealth to spy,  
 The gloomy tempests low'r;  
 From tombs the spectres cry,  
 The screech-owl from the tow'r.

## III.

Adown the brook he stole,  
 The restless sprite was there: —  
 It seiz'd him by the poll;  
 He quak'd and shook with fear.  
 And lo, to deck his pate,  
 Two spreading antlers rise: —  
 He rues his wayward fate,  
 Then homeward sneaking hies!



## S O N G.

*Allegro.**Hiller.*


All be - reft of love and wine, joy - less hours be - tide us:  
Wealth and pow'r in vain com - bine, were they once de - nied us.



What can wealth and pow'r sup - ply? what Gol - con - da's trea - sures?

## CHOR.



Vain were all, if fate de - ny, love and drink - ing plea - sures.

## I.

ALL hereft of love and wine,  
Joyless hours betide us:  
Wealth and pow'r in vain combine,  
Were they once denied us.  
What can wealth and pow'r supp'y?  
What Golconda's treasures?  
Vain were all, if fate deny,  
Love and drinking pleasures.

## II.

When the toils of war are o'er,  
Love's the hero's duty.  
Choicest gifts of fortune's store,  
Wine and smiling beauty!  
Sober mortals, cease to rail;  
All your rules are musty..  
No; — the ills of life prevail,  
Only when we're thirsty!



S O N G.

*Andante.*

*Reichardt.*

Thy i - mage, dear - est maid, my ra - vish'd eyes still see: and

ma-ny a tear they shed, A - las, that 'tis not thee! When ev'n - ing's

shades pre - vail, and Cyn - tia decks the sky, I

Musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) from "The Echo Song" by Thomas Moore. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "fond - ly sigh and wail; — in vain I wail and sigh! By". The Soprano part is in G major, 4/4 time, and the Alto part is in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "fond - ly sigh and wail; — in vain I wail and sigh! By".



*Vivace.*

yon - der myr - tle bow'r, where blooms her des - tin'd wreath; By

ev - ry beauteous flow'r, that adds its fra - grant breath; dear form, no

more, no more de - ceive, the guile - ful task for - bear; — O

change, and bid me live; ah! let her - self be there! O





## I.

THY image, dearest maid,  
My ravish'd eyes still see;  
And many a tear they shed,  
Alas! that 'tis not thee!  
When ev'ning's shades prevail,  
And Cynthia decks the sky,  
I fondly sigh and wail; —  
In vain I wail and sigh!

## II.

By yonder myrtle bow'r  
Where blooms her destin'd wreath;  
By ev'ry beauteous flow'r,  
That adds its fragrant breath;  
Dear form, no more deceive;  
The guileful rask forbear:  
O change, and bid me live; —  
Ah! let herself be there!

## I N D E X.

Joy, from source celestial springing,	(Freude, schöner Götterfunken)	Schiller.	IV.
Whene'er at daylight's parting gleam,	(Tann in des Abends letztem etc.)	Matthisson.	VIII.
Haste the joys of life to share,	(Freund! versäume nicht zu leben:)	Kleist.	XI.
Could Fanny's charms be barter'd,	(Ach, könnt ich Molly kaufen)	Bürger.	XII.
Love, from those bright eyes imparting,	(Wenn die Lieb' aus ihren etc.)		XIV.
Ah! how sweetly love	(Ach, was ist die Liebe,)	Gotter.	XIX.
Sweetly blooms the op'ning rose,	(Schön sind Rosen und Jasmin)	Weisse.	XX.
The lark was up, serene the day,	(Die Lerche sang, die Sonne schien)	Vofs.	XXII.
Say, who would mope in joyless plight,	(Wer wollte sich mit Grillen etc.)	Hölty.	XXIV.
To Stephen in a dream,	(Zu Steffen sprach im Traume)		XXVI.
All bereft of love and wine,	(Ohne Lieb' und ohne Wein)	Weisse.	XXVIII.
Thy image, dearest maid,	(Dein süßes Bild, o Lyda!)	Klopstock.	XXIX.

PRINTED BY G. F. STARCKE, BERLIN.



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